WEIGHED THE ELEPHANT.

A Problem Which a Hindu Prince Was Able to Solve.

There is a story often told in India of Shajee, a Hindu prince, who on a certain occasion showed himself almost as clever as Archimedes.

A high official had made a vow that he would distribute to the poor the weight of his own elephant in silver money. But the great difficulty that at first presented itself was the mode of ascertaining what this weight really was. All the learned and clever men of the court seemed to have endeavored in vain to construct a machine of sufficient power to weigh the elephant.

At length Shajee came forward and suggested a plan which was simple and yet ingenious in the highest degree. He caused the unwieldy animal to be conducted along a stage specially made for the purpose by the waterside into a flat bottomed boat. Then, having marked on the boat the height to which the water reached after the elephant had weighed it down, the latter was taken out and stones substituted in sufficient quantity to hold the boat to the same line. The stones were then taken to the scales, and thus, to the amazement of the court, was ascertained the true weight of the elephant.—Exchange.

FIGHTING FISH.

In the Rage of Battle They Turn From Dull to Brilliant Colors.

In the gardens of Singapore it is the custom to stock the ponds with all manner of queer fishes, many of them of the fighting variety so dear to the heart of the orientals. This species of fish is so combative that it is only necessary to place two of them near each other, like fighting cocks, and perhaps to irritate them a little to bring on a lively conflict.

They at once charge each other with fins erect, at the same time changing color in their excitement from the dullest of gray greens to brilliant reds and blues. Indeed, confinement in close quarters is not needed to arouse their combative propensities.

Place two glass jars close together, with one of these fighting fish in each and they will at once swim round and endeavor to charge each other through the interposed glass.

Even a single fish seeing himself reflected in a mirror will dart at his own image and, irritated all the more by his failure to reach his supposed enemy, will assume the most brilliant hues. Seeing his reflected antagonist do the same, he will redouble his efforts to reach him.—Exchange.

Photographs For Lawsuits.

One call for services a professional photographer dislikes above all others and that is to get an order for a picture that is to be used as evidence in a lawsuit. The photographers who are most in demand for this purpose are the busiest ones, those who make a specialty of taking pictures of news events for the papers and magazines. When any one wants photographic evidence he is likely to remember the name of some firm of professionals that he has seen often in print and asks them to do the job.

"We wouldn't mind that sort of work so much if taking the picture was all that there was to it," said one of these picture men. "We get $3 or $5 for the picture. Later we get a subpoena, and we have to send to court the man that took it, to swear that he recognizes his work, that he took the picture, that he never was arrested and a lot of other fool stuff that uses up a day's time. Therefore we never touch such a job knowingly."—New York Sun.

A Curious Locomotive.

The Darjeeling-Himalayas railway is one of the most curious in the world. It is of two foot gauge and on account of the steepness is full of loops, curves and spirals, many of the curves having only seventy feet radius. Some of the gradients are as high as one foot in twenty-eight. A special type of locomotive, the Garratt, had to be made for it at Manchester. This locomotive was required by the specifications to be able to travel on reverse curves not exceeding sixty feet radius, with only twenty feet of length of tangent between the curves. The engine consists of a frame supported at each end by four wheeled bogies, each of which is described as a miniature locomotive without boiler. The boiler is carried on the frame between the bogies.—Youth's Companion.

Both Wrong.

Sandy and his master drove up to the small station as the train approached. "Here's yer train, sir," said Sandy. "That is not my train," replied the master, who had his own ideas about correct speech. "But it's the train I am going by." But it happened to be a special train and didn't stop at the station, whereupon Sandy exclaimed, "We're baith wrang, for it's neither your train nor the ane ye're gaun by, but it's the ane that's gane by you."

Betrayed.

"Say, mamma, can Anna see in the dark, like a cat?"

"Why, child, what makes you ask such a question?"

"Oh, last night when Cousin Carl was here I heard Anna say in the dark room, 'You must really shave oftener, Carl.'"—Exchange.

Better.

"Your wife never sings any more. Did she lose her voice?"

"No; she found her senses."—Toledo Blade.

Self-indulgence deprives a man of ev- that might make him great.

FUNERAL TORTURE.

Ways of the Wives When a Bororo Indian Dies.

On the death of a Bororo Indian the wife tears out handfuls of her hair and throws it on his corpse, says a writer in the July Wide World Magazine. At intervals during the first day after his death she shakes him, as though wishing to bring him back to life, and kisses his cold brow. Her efforts beng in vain, she retires and the Baire approaches. He proclaims that the man has died for the sins he committed during his life. Then the relatives paint his body with "urucu," an ointment made out of the root of a wild tropical plant. Gorgeous feathers of the most varied hues are then strewn over him, and the corpse is wrapped up in a matting of straw. The moment before the burial the wives approach one after the other and cover his feet with the blood dropping from the wounds and gashes they have inflicted on their backs and arms.

This ceremony is followed by another. Three Indians appear dressed in the clothes—if the few rags they wear can be called thus—of the dead man and begin singing and dancing. In the meantime the corpse is carried to the "Bahyto," a huge mound in the center of the colony, and should the dancing and singing Indians become tired before it is reached three others take their places. The body lies on the mound three days. Then the Baire goes to the mound and, seating himself at the foot of the dead man, is supposed to receive his soul in keeping.

THE BRAIN IN SLEEP.

Changes In the Volume of Blood Circulation When We Dream.

Dreams are due to an increase of sensation and circulation over that which exists in profound sleep. Observations made upon patients with cranial defects show that when we are dreaming the brain is greater in volume than in deep sleep and less than when we are awake. Thus this intermediate volume of blood would indicate that dreams are an intermediate stage between unconsciousness and wakefulness, and their incomplete and irregular intelligence would indicate the same thing. This increased circulation is usually due to sensory stimulation affecting the vasomotor center and causing a return of blood to the head, with resultant increased consciousness.

Contrary to popular belief, dreams in themselves do not contribute to light or broken sleep in which they are present. Such a condition is due to the ever present stimuli, which according to their strength or the degree of irritability of the cells, maintain even in sleep a varying degree of consciousness of which the dreams are merely a manifestation. Therefore the fatiguing effect often also attributed to dreams is not due to them, but to the lighter degree of sleep and less complete cell restoration which they accompany and which are due to some irritation.—Atlantic.

A Painful Mistake.

Bitter experience is a wonderful teacher. No doubt the young lady of whom London Ideas tells had often been told that she ought to wear glasses, but had neglected or refused to do so.

There was a most determined look in her eye, however, as she marched into the optician's shop.

"I want a pair of glasses immediately," she said, "good, strong ones. I won't be without them for another day!"

"Good, strong ones?"

"Yes, please. I was out in the country yesterday, and I made a very painful blunder, which I have no wish to repeat."

"Indeed! Mistook an entire stranger for an old friend, perhaps?"

"No, nothing of the sort. I mistook a bumblebee for a blackberry."

Life In Persian Oases.

Dr. Sven Hedin, describing his overland journey to India across the Persian desert, gives a graphic account of the oases where his party occasionally camped under palm trees. There the singing birds which twitter during the day are silent at night, but the "song of the desert" is continued during the hours of darkness by the melancholy serenade of the jackals. These oases are infested by three objectionable and dangerous inhabitants—a deadly snake, black and white scorpions and a poisonous tarantula spider, which, although it lives out in the desert, is attracted to the oases by the light of the campfires.

Her Self Sacrifice.

"She's awfully self sacrificing."

"How do you make that out?"

"Well, she stayed at home from church Sunday to sit up with a sick woman."

"Hub! She isn't a regular churchgoer. I don't see anything self sacrificing in that."

"You don't? But, my dear, she had a new gown and a new hat that had just arrived Saturday night."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Real Ingratitude.

"Republics are ungrateful," said the ready made philosopher.

"Perhaps," replied Mr. Chuggins, "but if you want a taste of real ingratitude take a party of friends out for an automobile ride and listen to their sarcastic remarks if you happen to break down."—Washington Star.

At the Literary Club.

"Maria, what was done at the meeting of your literary club last night?"

"We fined Mrs. Chillicon-Kearney $5 for accusing Mrs. Highmus of cheating at bridge."—Chicago Tribune.

FOUR IN OLD PERU.

The Mystic Number About Which Centered All Their Beliefs.

The Peruvians cared nothing for any of the supposed mystic properties of either three, five or seven. To them the four was sacred, and around it they intwined the main features of all their religious ceremonies and queer beliefs. They believed the earth to be a square divided into four parts and suspended from the heavens by four cords, one at each of the four corners. All of their cities were quartered by four principal streets running from a square in the center. They held four annual feasts in honor of the moon, the "silver sister of the sun."

To them eternity was to be divided into four periods of time, each composed of four times 4,000 years, and at the end of each of these cycles the sun was to be blotted out of existence. They prayed to the four winds, or to "ye gods that dwell at the four corners of the earth." To them the rains came from four enormous heavenly turtles that vomited dampness, and the four winds from the lungs of the four gigantic caryatids which stand at the four cardinal points of paradise. The above are but a small portion of the fours alluded to in the legends of the Incas.

OLD SAMOAN MATS.

Precious Heirlooms That Are Treasured by the Natives.

Among the curious customs of the Samoans is that of making heirlooms of mats. By some simple process of reasoning the mat has come to be identified with the family, as the hearthstone is traditionally sacred among the Saxon race.

The Samoan mats are really fine specimens of art. The people esteem them much more highly than any article of European manufacture, and the older they are the more they are regarded. Some of them have names known all over the Samoan group. The oldest is called Moe-e Fui-Fui, or "The man that slept among the creepers." It got this title by reason of the fact that it had been hidden away for years among the creeping convolvulus that grows wild along the seashore. It is known to be 200 years old, as the names of its owners during that period can be traced.

The possession of one of these old mats gives the owner great power—in fact, it is a title deed to rank and property, from the Samoan standpoint, says Harper's Weekly. It is no matter if the mats are tattered and worn out. Their antiquity is their value, and for some of the most cherished of them large sums of money would be refused.

A Bitter Controversy.

The Shakespeare-Bacon controversy formed the subject of debate at a well known theatrical school not long ago. On both sides the orators were would be actresses, and pro and con the discussion was feminine and furious. It seemed at first that the ardent partisanship of the fair opponents would preclude the possibility of harmonious conclusion. But the last speaker, in the nervousness of her first public speech, suggested common ground.

"Ladies," she said, speaking rapidly, "I think there has been much misapprehension as to the real truth of the Baconian theory. I stand ready to show that the great plays we know so well were written not by Shakespeare or by Bacon, but by Bacon and Shakespeare in collision!"

Amid laughter and applause the debate was declared a tie.—New York Tribune.

Hired Crowns.

To economical minds there must be a certain waste implied in the making of a new crown for every queen. Yet this has been the rule. Queen Alexandra and Queen Victoria both had crowns made for them, and it was Queen Adelaide who was the first to rebel against a hired crown. "I will not wear a hired crown," she said to the minister who was discussing the matter with her. "Do you think it right I should?" "Madam, the late king (George IV.) wore one." "Well, I will not. I do not like it. I have jewels enough to make one for myself." "In that case," interposed the king, "they will have to pay for the setting." "No, no," replied Adelaide. "I will pay for it all myself." And this was the course adopted.—London Chronicle.

One Cell Animals.

Only one cell animals which have no differentiation are immortal and never grow old. Physical immortality, deathless youth, is possible, but you must be an infusorian or a yeast plant to attain it, and one wouldn't even be a clam or a jellyfish for the price. The process has no limits any more than it has beginnings. Life is just that, one-third dying that two-thirds may live, whether it be the single cell or the body.—Dr. Woods Hutchinson in Hampton's.

Tough Luck.

"Tough luck Jipson had."

"What happened?"

"In order to keep his cook he told her she might have the use of his touring car two afternoons a week."

"Well?"

"Yesterday she eloped with the chauffeur."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Taking Him Up.

Policeman — You've been begging. Now, you just accompany me. Organ Grinder—With pleasure, sir. What song would you like?—Pele Mele.

An act of yours is not simply the thing you do, but it is also the way you do it.—Wendell Phillips.

THE DEATH DICE.

History of an Odd Gift of the Emperor of Germany.

There is shown in the Hohenzollern museum a gift of the emperor of Germany, the "death dice," with which one of his ancestors decided a difficult case in the seventeenth century. Their history is an interesting one.

A young girl had been murdered. Suspicion fell upon two soldiers, Ralph and Alfred, who were suitors for her hand. Both the accused men denied their guilt, and even torture failed to extract a confession from either of them. Then Elector Frederick William decided to cut the knot by means of the dice box. The two soldiers should throw for their lives and the loser should be executed as the murderer. The event was celebrated with great pomp and solemnity.

Ralph had the first chance and threw sixes, the highest possible number. The dice box was then given to Alfred. He fell on his knees and prayed aloud: "Almighty God, thou knowest I am innocent. Protect me, I beseech thee!"

Then he arose to his feet and threw the dice with such force that one of them broke. The whole one showed six, the broken one also gave six on the larger portion, and the fragment split off showed one. This was a total of thirteen, one beyond Ralph's throw. The audience held its breath in amazement.

"God has spoken," cried the prince.

Ralph, appalled by what he regarded as a sign from heaven, confessed his guilt and was sentenced to death.

AN ALBATROSS IN FLIGHT.

The Camera Caught a Motion the Eye Could Not Discern.

An interesting application of photography to settle a disputed point in natural history was made by a naturalist on a voyage from British Columbia to San Francisco.

A large albatross had been following the steamer and keeping pace with it for several hours, and the wonder grew among the watchers on board the ship as to how the bird was able to fly so swiftly while apparently keeping its wings extended without flapping them. As this is a common method of flight with the albatross, the explanation used to be offered that the bird took advantage of slight winds and air currents and was so able to glide upon what might be called atmospheric slopes.

As the albatross sailed alongside the ship, about fifteen feet away, the naturalist snapped his camera at it and obtained a photograph that astonished him and his fellow passengers.

The photograph revealed, what no eye had caught, the wings of the albatross, each some five feet long, raised high above its back, in the act of making a downward stroke. The explanation naturally suggested was that more or less frequently the bird must have made a stroke of this kind with its wings, although the eye could not detect the motion, and that the camera chanced to be snapped at just the right moment.—Boston Globe.

Ancient Greeks Had Trades.

In the days of their greatest prosperity the Greeks probably excelled all other nations in the variety and excellence of their manufactures. Their sons were often the great scientists of their age, for Thales of Miletus, one of the "seven wise men of antiquity," was an oil merchant; Socrates was a stone mason, who, like Hugh Miller, left the quarry and bench to become the teacher of nobles; Aristotle compounded drugs while trying to solve his "problems," apparently proposed by other tradesmen, artists, musicians, architects and engineers; Plato and Solon had callings as well as studies and political activities. So, too, all were soldiers, and few men in Athens failed to take their places in the phalanx or galley when Athens called on her sons to battle.—Charles Winslow Hall in National Magazine.

Liberty and Independence.

When the presidential struggle between Clay and Jackson was at its height it is related that a band of emigrants from Kentucky and the then other western states commenced to settle on the north side of the Missouri river and called their county Clay and the county seat Liberty.

At the same time another lot of emigrants from Virginia and other southern states pitched their tents on the south side of the Big Muddy and called their county Jackson and the capital Independence. And so it remains to this day. Clay stood for liberty and Jackson for independence.

The Cautious Tailor.

"Now, look here, Snipperton," pleaded Hackley, "why can't you be patient with his old bill of yours? I'm going to be married shortly to a girl who's worth her weight in gold."

"That's all right, Mr. Hackley," returned Snipperton, "but is she going to be worth my wait in gold? How much does she weigh?"—Judge.

In the Good Old Days.

Of course the old fashioned belle may have walked barefoot halfway to church to keep from spoiling her Sunday shoes, but she didn't put her coiffure in the bureau drawer when she went to bed.—Galveston News.

Another Discovery.

"Shakespeare was one of the ablest of brokers."

"How do you make that out?"

"By the number of stock quotations he furnished."—New York Times.

I call that man idle who might be better employed.—Socrates.

The president Voted.

The President got to vote after all. A lot of red tape was necessary, but the president was persistent, and on November 7th he cast his ballot in old Cincinnati. And thereby hangs a tale.

Six years ago Mr. Taft made at Akron, O.' in which he denounced the notorious Cox machine in CincinnatiHe said he could take great pleasure in voting against it He declaired this foul republican machine was a stench in the nostrills of all good citizens

The people of Ohio, realized that William H. Taft was telling the truth, and they applauded him vigorously and with the utmost sincerity.

On Tuesday Mr. Taft voted for the Cox machiue, which is still the disgraceful alliance of politic corrupt business and the brothels that is was in 1905. The President also indorsed the candiate of the Cox machine on the ground that "conditions had substantially changed."

whatever the President was allueding to, it was not the Cox machine, for it had remained as foul as ever. The only change vsiable to observers is that, whereas six years ago Mr. Taft was not a candiate for office, he is today.

Works BOth Ways

President Taft was angered because Congressman Littleton of New York, spoke in condemnation of the Sherman law at the same banquet board at which he was to speak in its defense. If the President had himself protected the dignity of his office, by refraining from talking politics on his trip through the west, his displeasure at Mr. Littleton's action might have been in better taste. But he had just traveled 15,270 miles; been seen by near-five million people, and made 306 speeches, to an aggregate audience of approximately 1,555,000 people. Appearently the President disired that only his side of public questions should be heard. If the President chooses to go on the stump, he must not expect that he can do all the talking himself. The concensus of opinion is that if the dignity of the office of President was not injured by Mr. Taft in making a political speech, while a guest at a banquet, it was not inJured by Mr. Littleton on the same subject discussed by the President.